



BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

HAINES HOUSE
Haines, Alaska

September, 1939

Dear Friends:

What a richness comes to life through friends - old friends, new friends, near friends, far away friends. Friends who walk beside us and those who strengthen us and help us over many miles. We are grateful to the Friend of friends for you and your part in our life.

Haines House is enjoying this week a reunion of friends - Miss Harriot Jackson of the Southern Mountains came with her cousin to see Haines House because of her friendship of years with Miss Lawrence. They remind us of Miss Scott's visit - just becoming part of our big family and helping to mend sweaters, shell peas or whatever the day may present - yesterday it was the missionary society rummage sale. The link of friendship between Alaska and the sunny South will be stronger because of these days. The children will realize more fully the meaning of certain Bible verses as they visualize the mountain children learning, loving and living them too. Tennessee, Florida and New York will be connected with faces of friends when they study them in school.

School days are here again. The house seems quiet and lonely for all the children go to school these days. The three older girls have gone to Sheldon Jackson School and the older boys help Mr. Swets in the afternoons with the silo. We are grateful there will be potatoes and turnips to harvest later for this has not been a good year for gardens in Alaska. The amount of rainfall has not been conducive and the cut worms and other insects have been destructive.

Then we have a new root-cellar almost completed. The men and boys have excavated under the staff kitchen and dining room and cemented the walls and floor. It will not only be more convenient but the tearing down of the old root house will make the yard more presentable. With this transformation has come that of the woodshed into a coal shed and a carpenter shop. This carpentry work has suggested to the boys the possibility of their making a real playhouse. They "beach-combed" for material and have been quite successful in their attempt. Time had to be taken from such play for the new puppies and kittens. "It is fun to feed them and to take Taken and Keeche for a walk!" I'm sure you would enjoy them as much as Mrs. Hayes and Dr. Thorne did when they visited us. It was our privilege to have these friends visit us several days in order to put Haines House "in the movies." Beside the pleasure of having them, we learned much about the making of pictures. Perhaps you may see the pictures before many months. They took many all over Alaska. Just think, when you see them, of us here and the great surprise which came to me. With a very short notice, Miss Lawrence, her niece and I left to join them (Dr. Thorne's party) in Juneau as they started northward. Can you imagine our excitement as we visited the Fairbanks Church (the older portion had been built by S. Hall Young). We heard its pastor tell of flying to Miss Stauffer to administer the sacraments to her Island people and his longing to visit St. Lawrence Island where 300 await an ordained minister to organize a church. So far the finances are lacking. He aided us greatly in our plans for Barrow.

As we arrived in Barrow, you might have thought, as we did, that the entire village was on the beach to welcome us. But oh no, they were having their annual "Nellakatak," celebrating a successful whaling. Our old friends, the Klorokopers, were there to welcome us. The new friends, the 16 white and hundreds of Eskimos did everything they could to fill the hours - we scarcely know whether it was day or night. The white friends said it was like "a visit from home folk." Flossie George, an Eskimo girl, we know while she was attending Sheldon Jackson School, took us into homes of Sheldon Jackson School students, for a dog team ride over the Arctic Ocean at midnight, had us all in her apartment for dinner and did all she could to make our stay pleasant.

On Sunday we found the church packed, every chair full and almost as many sitting on the floor. There were two services in the morning, one in the afternoon, and one in the evening, which everybody attended. Mr. Klorokoper said many went with him over the trail for another service in the early afternoon. They seemed hungry for the Good News. Most of them have family worship. The interpreter will carry on the work the best he can during Mr. Klorokoper's absence.

L. Blanche Horner
Haines House, Haines, Alaska

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The Klerokopers and the daughter of the radio operator came out with us, the former to have a furlough with her parents on furlough from Korea and the latter for school. As we came south from Fairbanks on the railroad, who should meet us but Rev. Mr. Bingle at Matanuska - another new friend. Of course, we wanted to visit Palmer and Matanuska Valley. He certainly is just the one for a pioneer community. He took us in his truck to call on settlers. One evening the Church Council had a supper followed by movies taken by the doctor as they built their church from a thousand logs - men and women working together. The Lutheran and Catholic churches are near. As we became acquainted with the personnel, we realized it was Christ's church because many denominations were represented in the congregation. More than one spoke of their happiness in church work, greater than they'd ever had in the States.

Juneau brought us again to the Waggoners completing their Memorial Church building and planning to retire to leave Alaska in a few weeks. We returned with sadness of heart, realizing such old friends must be far away and realizing more fully the great task in Alaska for the church. Surely the harvest is great but the reapers are few. It urged us to attempt even greater things in our service for the Master, try to see more clearly the Way and strive for greater wisdom and power in developing these little ones for future helpers in the Vineyard.

Since our return, 12 children were taken to Juneau on the Princeton, our mission boat, for tonsillectomies. They returned a very quiet, pale looking bunch the third day after the operation. They feel "fine" now.

These last few days tear our hearts. How can the children understand "joy and peace, justice and right, love and helpfulness" when they hear war news constantly? We can but work and pray that they may see the Master's way is best, hear His voice and heed His message to each one.

With best wishes for all,

Sincerely,

L. BLANCHE HORNER



BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

HAINES HOUSE
Haines, Alaska

September, 1939

Dear Friends:

Greetings from Alaska! You are often in our thoughts although I write but seldom. The thought that you are praying for us is our strength many many times for we know that prayer is a power we need.

Since last writing, we have been busy at the regular duties as well as a few irregular ones. Just now the family is small as we have sent our "Sitka Girls" away. When the boat comes this morning we will have some new boys and girls. I wish you might be here when they arrive. To me it is most interesting to have the new ones coming in throughout the year. The children always love to prepare the room and look forward quite eagerly to the day when the "Princeton" or the "Big Boat" bring the new friends. Some come with clean faces and clothes, but others are so in need of a touch here and there. It is a privilege to be the one to give it. A bath, clean clothes and a haircut make a great difference. A short time ago the Princeton took twelve of our family to the government hospital in Juneau for tonsilectomies. They returned on the "Big Boat." For most, it was the first time travelling on anything but a fish boat, so of course is something to talk about. I am afraid that under the circumstances they did not enjoy the trip as food plays such an important part in boat travel and somehow food and tonsils do not mix.

The big girls were busy all summer. They did quite a bit of painting in the girls' building and it looks very nice. They are not experts but were quite successful. The summer was cool but we had a few good swimming days and some sun baths. We store up as much sunshine as possible during the bright days. There are so many dark ones. We gardened but were not as successful as usual. The lack of rain and quantity of bugs discouraged us a bit. Even weeds did not grow for some time. Now that we are having rain, there is a bit of improvement but a little late for success. The hay is all in and it was quite a task this year as the rain came just as the hay was cut. The barn is full now and the big boys are filling the silo. We will soon be prepared for the winter winds to blow.

Forty children started school, September 5th, and how happy they were! They are very fond of school. Alice Mae is just six and is having her first experience in the schoolroom. She is quite content and comes home singing the songs in a very lusty voice.

Our buildings have been repaired to quite an extent and also a new tool shed and root cellar built. The big boys were a real help in excavating the cellar. We are so grateful for all these improvements as they make our work so much easier.

The native people have finished their fishing and are now moving back from the canneries to the village. Now the problem of drink arises once more. It is a continual problem and one so hard to work out with no law to keep drink away from this race. This year grocery bills are being paid quite promptly so there may not be a great surplus for drink.

Presbytery and Presbyterial are to meet in Haines in March. We are making plans now for program and entertainment and looking to the time with great pleasure as it is some years since we have had a group of native people from all the towns meet with us. Our prayer is that the meeting may result in widespread good for the native people and the entire territory of Alaska.

So far away from the big cities and the daily newspaper, it is hard for us to realize the turmoil the world is in. This is a peaceful country in so many ways. Shall we unite our hearts in prayer that the peace of God may come in the hearts of men and that His good purposes may speedily be shown to us.

Yours in His service,

RUTH D. FARQUHARSON

BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

SHELDON JACKSON SCHOOL
Sitka, Alaska

September, 1939



Dear Friends:

This is the first day of school. It is just as much fun as it was years ago to start off from home for the classroom after the summer vacation. Only now it is more than fun. There is real joy and a much deeper significance for in the days ahead there are

to be many many opportunities for leading and guiding in the development of the lives of the boys and girls in the large Sheldon Jackson School family. They are here eager and willing. They have chosen to come to a Christian school where spiritual values are precious, where Christian training is a very definite part of the program, where God is first. They have set apart a portion of their earnings of the summer for their tuition. In many instances this involved sacrifice for the tuition has taken half or more than half of wages earned in the canneries or on the fishing boats. They might have gone elsewhere without paying tuition or they might have spent their money for other things as many others have done. In a world torn by the tragedy of another great war, coming from different villages scattered over the nation's LAST FRONTIER where life is often rough, choosing a way when other ways have been tempting, we have declared ourselves even as Joshua in the days of old when he said, "-- as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Do you "EAT MORE SALMON" as urged in the advertising campaign of the cannery interests. We expect to do this during the coming winter for we were successful in a special canning project at the end of the fishing season. This project involved a number of things and splendid cooperation on the part of the local packing company, the A.N.B. and A.N.S. groups, the crew on our seineboat, and Sheldon Jackson School. Working together after having secured special permission to catch several thousand salmon after the season had closed, 250 cases were canned and nearly a thousand fish were smoked and dried. This was all on a non-commercial basis. The crew on the SJS caught the fish without pay, the cannery charged for the actual cost of cans and outside union help, the A.N.B. and A.N.S. furnished volunteer help, and we furnished the boat, truck used in distributing the fish, some help in caring for the pack, and management. Everyone worked cheerfully. Now we have a good stock of salmon which cost very little. Anyone who helped with the pack pays \$1.00 per case and those who had no part in the project pay \$1.75. The market value is \$4.60 per case. So this is a material help for us in a year when the pack of salmon fell far short and when our local people earned much less than usual.

We have a fine staff. We are especially pleased to have Miss Gladys Whitmore as a volunteer worker and also to have Miss Louise Miley who has come to establish the commercial department on a credit basis. Miss Miley is a new worker in a new position. Not all of the students are in today but we expect a capacity enrollment. In fact we may have an overflow of girls. Just this morning we could not say no to an underprivileged girl who had arrived in town yesterday from Kake and we already had more names of girls on the lists than beds in the dormitories! The Princeton is due tomorrow morning from the West Coast towns. Perhaps some who had registered will have changed their minds. But we like a full house and if they all come, we will find places for them even to using extra beds on the second floor at the hospital! With every good wish,

Sincerely,

LESLIE YAW

P.S.: A.N.B.: Alaskan Native Brotherhood
A.N.S.: Alaskan Native Sisterhood



BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

SHELDON JACKSON SCHOOL
Sitka, Alaska

September, 1939

Dear Friends:

It is always a joy to sense the fine spirit of cooperation that exists between you of the home base and we on the mission field. You are providing the funds and entrusting to us the work of representing you in the name of the Saviour among the people of the different fields. And we, in the name of that same Saviour, are endeavoring with our lives, our work, and our spiritual understanding, to make our Saviour their Saviour. Your success and our success will be Christ's success in just the extent to which we both yield ourselves to Him.

We are at the beginning of another school year. Apparently Sheldon Jackson School is becoming very popular among the prospective students of Alaska. Some 150 have applied for entrance. One hundred and forty will be about our limit. Eighty are already on the campus, and classes began to-day. The Princeton was delayed in her start to gather up the young people, which accounts for the late arrivals. But we expect them tomorrow.

Last fall I mentioned one lad that had been expelled for drinking, but had returned begging for another chance. He stayed the year through, has worked in a cannery and on a seine boat during vacation, and is back for another year. Two young ladies graduated in the class of '38. One refused offered aid to attend school in the States last year, but stayed out, earned her own money, and is now enrolled for nurses' training in the Ganado Hospital. The other earned her own money, and is going to take a business course in Seattle this year. Walter Soboleff is taking Mrs. Soboleff with him to Dubuque, where he is completing his seminary course this year. Two other boys are also returning to Dubuque, one to Whitworth College in Spokane. Other graduates are in the Normal at Ellensburg, Washington, and others in different schools of higher learning in the States.

Last spring Dr. Thorne, Mrs. Hayes, and Mr. Abernathy, representatives of the National Missions Board, were at Sheldon Jackson School and other Alaskan points, taking moving pictures, which to them represented the growth and development of the mission work in Alaska. I am anxious to see one of those pictures and recommend that you procure the use of one of them for first-hand information regarding our work here and the effect of that work upon the character and life of the natives of Southeastern Alaska. Here, also, I hope you will be able to detect that fine spirit of cooperation existing between Sheldon Jackson School and the ministers and lay workers of Alaska that exists in all our mission work.

I trust that your confidence in us on the mission field will continue and that the Lord will prosper you in all of your undertakings for Him. I am your friend and co-laborer,

Sincerely yours,

RAPHAEL S. TOWNE



BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.

SHELDON JACKSON SCHOOL
Sitka, Alaska

September, 1939

Dear Friends:

That word "friends" in my salutation assumes that you who read this letter have a friendly attitude toward missionary projects in general and for Alaskan missions in particular. By this time, after 61 years of constructive service, Sheldon Jackson School

should be more than a name in the Year Book of Prayer to every good Presbyterian who has ever given a dollar to support it. Regular contributors to this missionary work know that the Sheldon Jackson School is an accredited high school for Indian boys and girls who come quite largely from southeastern Alaska, representing various clans. Thlingets, Haidas, Tsimpseans, Tinnehs, along with a few Aleuts from the westward and still fewer Eskimos from the far North make up our student body of 120 or more boys and girls. They show the same ability and have the same possibilities that other American high school students possess. It is the purpose of this school to help all who enroll here to develop into competent Christian citizens, the sort of individuals who will be an asset to any community. The degree of success attained in the past justifies every effort that we can put forth to continue the good work. Here, the word "we" refers to the 22 workers on the campus and to you at home who qualify as our friends, you who are numbered by the hundreds.

Our campus is worth mentioning at the outset. The buildings are old and some of them need replacing, but the general set-up is attractive. There are two halls for girls and two for boys centered about the school and Chapel which are under the same roof. Those five buildings together with the superintendent's home, the central heating plant and the museum all are located on the main campus which is carpeted by a nice green lawn that looks southwest out toward the sea. To the northwest and north are three cottages, a hospital and a gymnasium; while to the east and southeast are the power plant, shop, saw-mill, another cottage and the Presbyterian Church. Altogether we make quite an impressive plant, beautifully located at the foot of Mt. Verstovia and on the shores of Sitka Sound.

However, the buildings and their location are not the chief factors in any school. The Class of 1939 graduates are a happy, good-looking group of young folks, alert, self-respecting, full of life and energy. We have every reason to feel confident that each one of these nine graduates will make good. Two of the girls and one of the boys are planning to attend normal school this fall. The other two girls are both talented in music in addition to being good housekeepers, a rare combination, perhaps. Two of the boys plan to be fishermen, one may do post-graduate work here while the most ambitious one of all wants to be a missionary preacher. This sounds as though our efforts, and yours, are worthwhile, does it not?

Field Day this year marked a high spot in the history of Sheldon Jackson School. A few records were broken but the most interesting thing did not concern athletics directly. The fact that Dr. Frederick Thorne, Mrs. Florence Hayes and Mr. John Abernathy were here to take movies of the events of that day added zest to the occasion. Although the sun did not shine and in spite of the fact that a steady Sitka drizzle set in before the day was over, some good pictures were obtained. His motion pictures in color will be a source of entertainment and instruction that will do more than any words can express toward describing all the activities of our school, as well as the athletic side of Sheldon Jackson School.

The boat "Princeton" is owned by the Presbyterian Church and is used for missionary purposes. In the fall, it brings about 30 students at a time from various villages to Sitka and then takes them home in the spring. Dr. Thorne's motion picture party used the Princeton in traveling about this section of Alaska. Right now, we are looking forward eagerly toward a new year of school work. Two boat loads of students have already arrived and the others will be brought soon. A new member on the teaching staff makes it possible to introduce commercial work in the regular curriculum which is similar to that of other accredited high schools. With the coming of a director of religious education in the near future, we shall be ready to enter into a full program of school activity; we emphasize religious education. Bible work instruction is given three times a week from the 7th grade through the senior high school class. This and the high standards of personal living required of every boy and girl help to distinguish Sheldon Jackson School from the usual run of educational institutions.

Sincerely, ANNA MARTIN

Sunday, August 28th

Dear

Friends

My guess is that some more of my friends are saying with me, "What a summer! And no letters written!!" So I am hoping that you will forgive this mimeographed shortcut which I have determined to write this afternoon so that Doreen Vingness, one of our nice summer workers, can run it off this week. Then maybe I can add some notes to it and feel a little better for a while.

Our summer here has been as cloudy and cool as most of you have had it hot and dry, and only now are we really having summer and swimming. Our gardens are not nearly as good as they should be, and the paving of the Highway out of Haines has been slowed down, but we have managed to have a very full, worthwhile summer despite the weather. Several of the children have gone home for good, or on visits, or have jobs in town so that has made things exciting for them. Others have had trips to the doctor and hospital, and everyone in the whole place has gone camping, more or less.

Soon after school was out the Princeton-Hall came to take delegates to the Senior Conference at Sitka. Miss Callecot, Dorothy Carillo, one of our girls, and Ruth Katzeek, a younger staff member, were part of that group. Just after they came back, Doreen Vingness and Luetta Yamamoto, seniors at Chico College in California, came via plane and Princeton-Hall to spend the summer working with us. They were just in time to help with our Vacation Bible School, a really good one, directed by Mr. Fox, who was supplemented by just about all the rest of us as well as several ladies from town. Even I helped a group of little boys make wastepaper baskets from ice cream cartons and a "stained glass window" from butcher paper for the church. Several groups made the latter, and, besides the thrill of doing them, the results are quite pleasing in the church. Bible School closed with picnics on Friday before the Fourth, and the next morning Charles Dierenfield and Lloyd Dalquist, seniors at Macalester College, arrived via plane and barge to live at Haines House while they helped the minister for the summer. They and everyone got busy that day on floats for the Fourth of July parade. My own chief concern was the food since I was on the Women's Club Committee which was helping the Chamber of Commerce feed the public over the weekend of the Fourth. We prepared for the 500 the Chamber predicted, and fed at the Monday picnic, I would guess, only about half that number, despite all our work. Anyway, there were pounds and pounds of boiled weiners left over that we bought up cheap to use at picnics all the rest of the summer, and 54 dozen coney island buns that we ate on until they stuck out of our ears, and we finally had to send the children out in town to give some of them away. I never did hear if the Women's Club made anything on the deal. The Fourth was long and exciting nevertheless and ended with the arrival of the SS Denali and the town fireworks. The latter ~~were~~ very conveniently shot off on the beach in front of our house so the children can hop out of bed and have first row balcony seats right out their own windows, and not half the mosquitoes that the watchers down below suffer. The SS denali was even more exciting since it brought Miss Dorothea Friedrich, our new secretary, and Mr. Foxes' parents.

Before and after and in between everything else has been THE CAMP. It is our pride and joy, but at times almost our master, too. We are continuing to build and improve the Rainbow Glacier Camp which was begun last summer by a group of ministers, and which belongs to our whole Presbytery, but because it is located only about seven miles from Haines, we feel more responsible for its growth as well as being able to enjoy its beauty and peace more than those who live in other parts of the Territory. Last summer we built a main dining hall-kitchen-assembly building and two cabins and dug a well in time to have Junior Hi Camp for 14 boys and girls from the various towns in Southeastern Alaska. This year Mr. Fox, with the help of Chuck and Lloyd and everyone else, man or woman, child or grown-up, including especially Miss Auldridge, as cook and caretaker, and five Western Seminary students, managed to get the well walled up and another cabin roughly ready for the Jr. Hi Camp as well as doing dozens of finishing jobs on the buildings put up last year -- even to linoleum, kementone, and hot water in the kitchen. I was most interested in the kitchen conveniences since I was to be head cook again this year -- only this time we had 42 delegates, or 55 to cook for, leaders and all, most of the time. We had a grand group of young people and leaders, with everyone willing to help and a good program with the Rev. John Dodge as Director, despite several rainy days. Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Bromley, who gave the land for the Camp were there occasionally as visitors, and we were happy to honor them at our banquet. It was supposed to point up the coming mission study of Migrants by fresh fruits picked by that group on the West Coast and Alaskan salmon baked in a pit buried in a blanket of skunk cabbage leaves, and by suitable decorations made by Mrs. Hunter's Outreach Fellowship group, but the Japanese side of mission study almost stole the show since it was represented by a thrillingly told story from TALES FROM JAPAN given by Luetta Yamamoto who has dreams of going as a teacher to the land of her ancestors, and by Charles Dierenfield who spent sometime in Japan in the Medical Corps and has seen first hand that land and its opportunity for Christian service. An unexpected honor was given me at the banquet in the form of a plaque, hand hewn by the boys from a little birch tree, which they felled for that purpose, and inscribed with my name, date, and camp-cook occupation! They had worked on it in great secrecy all day, and I was more impressed and proud when I heard its history. After Jr. Hi Camp was over, a few of the ministers, especially Mr. Gall of Hydaburg, and others continued to work on the Camp, especially on the new cabin for leaders with its stone fireplace. The latter was built around a Sears, Roebuck metal fireplace which a group of young people in California gave us. Gifts for the camp have come from everywhere, but we are especially proud of the generous ones given by



the young people of our Alaskan churches. Besides the Jr. Hi Camp, there has been a L-H Camp for girls, a boys' handicraft camp, and all our little tikes went out, too, for a one night camping trip. We hope to get at least one more cabin built before camp time next summer, in case any of you would like to come and help on it during these nice fall days!

Saturday, September 3rd

My good resolution to finish this last Sunday did not work and this week has been filled with social engagements as well as work, so only now on Saturday afternoon am I getting back to it in hopes that Doreen or someone else will have time to cut the stencils for me, and that I can add some personal notes tomorrow.

After Jr. Hi Camp closed, I spent a hurried ten days finishing up camp accounts (since I am business manager), and getting caught up on our office work so as to be ready by the 15th to go on a ten day trip to see a little of the big part of Alaska. I have asked Miss Friedrich to draw off a map showing the main points of my journeying. As you will see, though I traveled about 1500 miles I really have still seen only a little of Alaska. But I have seen the largest cities, Anchorage and Fairbanks now the centers of industry and farming in the Interior, as well as the fishing and forests of Southeastern (and also nearly every Presbyterian church and pastor in Alaska, except those in the far North).

I left Haines on the SS Denali, a fairly large American boat, which combines freight and passenger service for us once every nineteen days. I was on it from late Monday night till early Thursday when we reached Seward, and I enjoyed the long hours of rest, the good food, and chatting with the passengers, mostly tourists from the States. Seward is a lot like Haines in the beauty of its mountain and sea setting, and it also has a Children's Home --- The Jessie Lee Home, a very fine institution run by the Methodist church and housing nearly three times as many children as Haines House does. The Methodists also have a community hospital, and a big sanitarium there. I spent my two days visiting friends in all three of them, and getting ideas to use here, especially from the Jessie Lee folks. Dorothy Wickstrom, one of our girls, is at the Sanitarium and I was glad to have a chance to see her and to consult with the doctor, social worker, and teacher about her and her plans for returning to us and the 8th grade here in Haines in a few months. From Seward, I went by train, a very nice modern one (the Alaska Railroad run by the Dept. of Interior) to Anchorage. That took me up the Kenai Peninsula which has the nicest forests and the most beautiful glaciers I have seen up here anyplace. It is about a five hour trip to Anchorage which is a real city with stop and go signs, housing projects, torn up streets, and crowded hotels. I was happy to see George Ahgupuk, the Eskimo artist who draws so beautifully on reindeer skins, at work on his pictures in a gift shop there. I wish I could have afforded one of his paintings, but I contented myself with a nice water color of the fireweed flower instead done by Carolyn Gough. I was there about a day, and then, after attending the downtown Presbyterian church (there are two others), I got a ride with the Armstrongs (the minister) up to Palmer to the minister's home there. To see the famous Matanuska Valley has long been a dream of mine, ever since I taught about it at Dorland-Bell years ago, and despite the rain I enjoyed my stay there with the Alfsens. They took me to see the Lazy Mountain Children's Home, one of the several in the Valley, to church in their beautiful log chapel, and to see one of the large farms of beautiful grain and vegetables, before I had to catch the train on to Fairbanks Monday morning. That train trip took until after 11 that night and took us through part of Mt. McKinley National Park and over some breathtaking gorges, but the rain and mist cut off most of the views until we were nearly to Fairbanks and

sunset showed up Mt. McKinley a hundred miles away, as a tiny peak shining above the clouds. There were a diner and club car and beautiful wide windows so it was a comfortable trip, except for the rocking road bed which made me almost carsick at times. At Curry, shortly after lunch, we picked up Rev. Bert Bingle and I was glad to have his company and see him at work the rest of the way. His parish stretches down the railroad toward Anchorage as far as Curry and along the Highway out this way to the Canadian Border; several hundred miles with preaching points, at least five organized churches, and dozens of points of contact with section gangs, road camps, army camps, and mines, as well as families all along the way. I stayed with the Bingles at College (the site of the University of Alaska, three miles from Fairbanks). They are supervising the building of the new University church on a lot by their house along with all their other work. They took time to show me the big Esther gold mine near there and the University museum and Experimental Farm as well as Fairbanks and the Eskimo village. Mr. Fox on his visit the week before had spotted a very fine bull calf which the University was willing to sell to us for breeding purposes at the price of meat (40¢ a lb.) and he left word for me to go to see it. I did, and made arrangements for George Everest, our farmer, to come up later to get it. Mrs. Bingle and I hunted up Nolan Solomon, the 17 year old boy, who had just gone home from Haines House this summer; we found him with a good job, paying \$10 a day, trucking for a junkyard.

Mr. Bingle had to start out on Wednesday to cover his assignments along the Highway, and I was pleased to get to come with him. We had a pile of FORWARDS, and TODAY'S as well as up-to-date newspapers and new POSTS and LIFE'S on the seat between us which we put in mail boxes or gave out when we stopped to call on his church families. We stopped to see the Chaplin of the Arctic Army Camp at Big Delta (a Presbyterian minister) and had supper with him in the officer's mess while they planned their work together (including a trip to Haines later this fall). Then we went on to the Johnson River Camp of the Alaska Road Commission with Mr. and Mrs. Buck, a fine couple from Minnesota who have spent four years in charge of this camp and made a real home of it for the men stationed there, with flowers, canaries, good vegetable garden and wonderful food. The Bucks belonged to a Presbyterian Church back in Minnesota, and here, on down the road apiece at Dot Lake, they and the Vogels (storekeepers at the lake) are giving their tithe and their time to the building of a little chapel where the community, part Indian and part white, can worship and where Mr. Bingle holds services every two weeks, and which is used by ministers of other faiths, too. We went on there on Wed. evening for a simple service of song, prayer and scripture explanation, and then back to the Bucks to spend the night. I came away next morning loaded down with picture puzzles for our children, geranium and other flower slips and two new potatoes for seed. On Thursday morning we stopped at isolated CAA (weather stations for planes) and ACS (radio communication) stations and were greeted by the families there shown their gardens and greenhouses and were given ripe tomatoes to eat. Mr. Bingle invited them to come on to Tok for church that night. We got to Tok Junction, where the road branches off to go down to Anchorage and where the American Customs office is stationed, in time for lunch on Thursday and visited the families there until my bus came through about 4:00. It had been crowded by a conducted tour group all the way from Fairbanks, but the driver borrowed a folding chair for me and that I was quite comfortable in the aisle and got a good view from my high seat, except once when I dozed off and took a curve on the floor with the corner of a suitcase in my hip. It was a beautiful day and with an obliging driver we were stopping every few curves so that someone could get a picture of a lake, mountain or the sunset. We crossed the Canadian border and got to our stopping place at Dry Creek about 9:00 P. M. The lodging was a little crude, but inexpensive, and the food good. We started on in two Canadian buses Friday morning at 7:30, and in two hours or more we were driving along the beautiful, brilliantly blue Kluane Lake which called for many more picture stops. We came to the Junction with the Haines Cut-off about 3:00 and I changed buses to come on down to Haines. This time there were only three of us and a cut beside the driver. The other two passengers were Mrs. Nina Crumrine and her daughter Josephine, both of them well known Alaskan artists who painted here at Haines last summer. It was grand to share the last part of the journey with them, for coming down the Haines Cut-off with all its grandeur is one of the most exhilarating things I have ever done and this was my first chance to see all of it, with its ranges of huge, snowcapped peaks and its lovely tundra-like meadows of flowers and berries with here and there a patch of snow near the road or a little lakelet left by the snows. Before we got down into Haines, the Crumrines and I had made plans to take some others in our pick-up to go as far as the Summit on Monday to spend the day painting and gathering flowers. (Our plans worked out and 7 of us spent a long sunny day picnicking, painting and plucking up there on Monday! And just maybe Haines House is to have a copy of the picture Mrs. Crumrine painted that day).

Chuck and Lloyd left last Sunday afternoon and everyone went down to see them on the barge, and now tomorrow Doreen and Luetta will be leaving by plane, and on Tuesday school starts for all but seven of our children. And with the going of summer I'll bring to a close this travel book, for like most shortcuts, it was sadly misnamed. But probably nothing to what your letters will be when you, too, see Alaska.

Yours, affectionately and at great length,

Isabel M.

Missionary Profile

WILLIAM D. WILEY

1957

Haines House
Haines, Alaska

William D. Wiley, a 1957 Ohio State University graduate who planned to be a farmer, has elected to become a Presbyterian missionary instead. As Superintendent of Haines House, Haines, Alaska, he is father-by-proxy for a houseful of Alaskan children.

Mr. Wiley, one of five children reared in a strong Christian home in Middletown, Ohio, attended Sunday school and church vacation Bible schools, youth fellowship and conferences. During his junior and senior years in high school, he participated in and held offices in church youth groups, scouts; and Y. M. C. A. He was also chairman of an extensive "Brotherhood Week" program, during which he spoke before several civic groups, and participated actively in sports and dramatic programs.

It was while he was attending the 1957 Westminster Fellowship National Assembly at Grinnell College as a representative of the Westminster Foundation at Ohio State University, where he was enrolled in a two-year agricultural course, that he decided to continue his college work and prepare for a church vocation.

Mr. Wiley's undergraduate and graduate studies include social administration, juvenile delinquency, group leadership and recreation, camp counseling, and guidance, the adolescent, camp administration, religion in society, and the modern family. He has done extensive farm work.

In 1948 he was a summer worker at Ganado Mission in Arizona and later he worked in southeastern Ohio under the synod's City and Industrial Unit. This is Mr. Wiley's fourth "tour of duty" in Alaska. From 1951 - 1953 he was maintenance man and gardener at Haines House. Drafted then into the Army, he was assigned to Fort Richardson, Alaska, near Anchorage, where he was put on special duty with a youth council. His job was to work with wives and children of Army personnel; he ran the craft shop, helped with a teen-age club, was summer playground supervisor and scoutmaster.

Just recently he completed a stint as co-leader of an ecumenical work camp at National Missions' Sheldon Jackson Junior College, Sitka, Alaska. It was his second work camp experience: in 1955 he spent two months at an ecumenical work camp sponsored by the United Student Christian Council in Denmark. Before going to Sitka he was student pastor for two rural Presbyterian churches near Homer, Ohio. He is married to the former Phyllis Thompson, a home economics teacher, who is also a graduate of Ohio State.

Haines House where Mr. Wiley will work, is a children's home in the "Panhandle" section of southeastern Alaska. Here about forty boys and girls of different backgrounds live until they are old enough to go to high school. Most of them come from families that are broken through illness, poverty, or other conditions making it impossible for them to lead satisfactory lives at home. At Haines they have as far as possible a normal development, in cheerful and friendly surroundings. They attend the village public school, go to the Haines Presbyterian church and church school, have their own Bible study and worship services and are encouraged to have whatever contacts are possible with families in the village, as baby sitters, odd job workers, or as friends of the family, so as to share normal experiences of family life. The children go fishing and berry picking, have picnics and beach bonfires--all the ordinary experiences of country children.